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MARILYN MONROE

The Biography

"PROVOCATIVE."

—ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY

DONALD SPOTO

BEST-SELLING AUTHOR OF *BLUE ANGEL*, *LAURENCE OLIVIER*, AND *REBEL*

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The following day, before departing for New York, Roberts came to say farewell to his friend, but he could not rouse her from sleep after ringing for five minutes. Untangling a garden hose, he made as if to water the shrubbery, flowers and plants and then deliberately splashed her apartment. Marilyn pulled back the curtain, opened a window and said, "I know what you're thinking, but everything's all right." Yes, she said, she was groggy from too many sleeping pills. But there was a reason. The residents of a nearby house had a wild party the night before, and knowing of their famous neighbor they stood under her window and shouted her name, calling her to join them.

Marilyn never knew the name of the woman who had led this group, nor did they ever meet; she was a former bit-part actress who sometimes used the name Jeanne Carmen. Like Robert Slatzer, Carmen emerged from obscurity many years later to transmute her geographic proximity to Marilyn Monroe into something of a career. Claiming that she was Marilyn's roommate at Doheny Drive, she began, in the 1980s, to invent an imaginative series of scurrilous tales for which there is simply no basis in fact: a wild romance between Marilyn and Robert Kennedy, for example, including indiscreet assignments, joyrides to Malibu beaches and nude swims.

Like that of Slatzer, however, Carmen's name is nowhere to be found in Marilyn's address books, nor did anyone who knew Marilyn ever hear of or see (much less meet or know) her. Betsy Duncan Hammes, a singer, close friend of Frank Sinatra and Bob Hope and the daughter of a Los Angeles County under-sheriff, was a frequent visitor to her friend Gloria Lovell, who lived across the breezeway from Marilyn and dined several times weekly with her. "I never heard of anyone named Jeanne Carmen," said Betsy. "I know she never lived in that complex, because Gloria and I certainly would have known her, just as we would have known if Marilyn had a roommate."

But Marilyn's difficulties were just beginning. Also in November, she was summoned for discussions at her old studio, where she had contractual obligations to fulfill: two films, to be specific, at \$100,000 salary per picture. Marilyn was not the only bankable Hollywood star to be embittered by the much-trumpeted news that Elizabeth Taylor was to receive ten times that amount for a Fox epic called *Cleopatra* which (as everyone also knew) was in a financial and artistic pickle—

first at the London production facilities and then in Rome, where its budget had risen to the then comical sum of thirty million dollars, plunging Fox to the brink of bankruptcy. By this time, *Cleopatra* was almost a metaphor for the studio itself, where astounding chaos prevailed.

The company's problems had, indeed, been escalating for years and may be briefly outlined. Buddy Adler had been production chief since 1956, after Darryl F. Zanuck retreated to Europe to work as an independent producer releasing through the studio. An effective and admired executive, Adler died in 1960, at fifty-one. At this crucial time, Fox was reeling from the advance of television, the decline of the old studio system (and the end of the old seven-year contract), the beginning of wildly inflated salaries (Taylor was a case in point) and an array of nasty power struggles within the executive boards of Fox in Los Angeles and New York.

Also at this time, blame for the unprecedented costs of *Cleopatra* was laid at the feet of studio president Spyros Skouras, who was "demoted upward," as it were, from president to chairman of the board. The vacuum of power was filled, on orders from Fox's New York-based committee of financiers, by a man named Robert Goldstein, who was not especially familiar with the fine points of film production. "You must have a death wish," said executive vice-president David Brown candidly to Skouras, who had asked his opinion about this choice. Brown's reply was subsequently reported (by Skouras or some meddler) to Goldstein. "Not long after," as Brown added, "I was at once booted out of the executive vice-presidency for creative operations and my position as a director of the parent company, and suddenly I was a producer!"³

The chaos continued, with reversal following comic reversal: Hollywood sometimes resembles its own best silent two-reel comedies.

First, Fox's board assigned two outside financial experts, John Loeb and Milton Gould, to investigate the company's problems. Ac-

3. This was fortuitous for Brown and for film history: David Brown went on to produce or co-produce an impressive array of films: *The Sting*, *Jaws*, *Cocoon*, *Driving Miss Daisy*, *The Player* and *A Few Good Men*, to name only a few.

cording to Gould, they traveled from New York to Hollywood, found the studio "in a shambles, and immediately got Goldstein dismissed." Although he admitted that he had absolutely no expertise in the business of moviemaking ("My job was to stop the mismanagement of money"), Gould replaced Goldstein with a new executive vice-president in charge of production.

This new man was Peter G. Levathes, an intelligent and sophisticated attorney, once a Skouras assistant and then, after the war, head of the television department at Young & Rubicam advertising agency in New York. Unaccustomed to the techniques, traditions, demands, details and temperaments of film studio productions, Levathes was an energetic and benevolent man, but perhaps not the wisest choice to head a studio with a twenty-two-million-dollar debt. He was, according to director Jean Negulesco, "a tall, dark man, nervous and with the far-away look of a man with responsibilities beyond his understanding or ability."

By this time, David Brown was at work on Marilyn's new picture, for which he had brought in writer Arnold Shulman to work on a revision of the popular 1940 comedy *My Favorite Wife*, which had starred Cary Grant and Irene Dunne. In the new version, Marilyn (as Ellen Arden), married and the mother of two babies, is seduced by the boss of her husband, Nick, a swiftly rising young businessman. Failing this rather sordid little "fidelity test," she believes she has ruined Nick's chances for success, and, humiliated, she flees to Hawaii and the Far East. But Ellen misses the connecting flight from Honolulu to Japan—a lucky mistake, for that airplane goes down in the Pacific. She is reported dead but remains in Hawaii for five years, until longing for her children and the collapse of an affair encourage her to return home. But at this very time, Nick has had her declared legally dead and has just remarried.*

4. The 1940 script, by Sam and Bella Spewack, was itself inspired by the Tennyson poem "Enoch Arden," about a seaman believed dead who returns after a long absence to find his wife remarried. Recognizing her happiness, he does not reveal his identity and subsequently dies of grief. The Spewacks and their successors slyly named the couple of their movie scenario Ellen and Nick (combined to allude to Enoch) Arden.

From the start, Marilyn did not want to do this picture, "but Dr. Greenson said it would be good for me," as she reported to Ralph Roberts. Brown, borrowing a song from a Fred Astaire film, quickly settled on the film's title: *Something's Got to Give*. In addition, he engaged George Cukor, who also owed Fox a picture; despite the manifold problems on *Let's Make Love*, Marilyn and George had parted as friends and she approved the choice of him. But very soon Cukor saw danger signals.

First of all, the scenario was an almost insurmountable challenge, both in construction and character credibility: how, for example, could the comic, the sexual and the sentimental aspects of this story be updated and balanced? As autumn passed, even a sharp and witty writer like Shulman was stymied—by the project as well as by the accumulation of corporate problems at Fox. "There was nothing they could do right with this thing from the start," Shulman recalled years later, adding that it was clear to him (as it was also to David Brown and others) that both the film and Marilyn were to be the targets of blame for an increasing series of management blunders. That winter, Shulman was succeeded by Nunnally Johnson, who had written and produced *We're Not Married* and *How To Marry a Millionaire*.

"Have you been trapped into this, too?" Marilyn asked Johnson when they met for a script conference at the Beverly Hills Hotel. As they discussed the problems with the scenario, he found that she was "quick, she was gay, she probed into certain aspects of the story with the sharpest perception."

At the same time, David Brown was replaced by an unlikely and yet, from one viewpoint, an entirely logical candidate. "Richard Zanuck called me one day," Brown recalled, "and reported that he had just been in an elevator with a man who was carrying the script-in-progress for *Something's Got to Give*. 'I'm worried,' Dick said. I was, too."

Henry Weinstein, a New York producer of the *Play of the Week* television series and an associate producer for the Theatre Guild, had only recently been hired by Fox—"and Weinstein [thus David Brown] was the studio's instrument to remove me as producer from Marilyn's picture." The decision was made unilaterally by Levathes, who cabled Spyros Skouras in New York on January 10: "The change will become effective this week as discreetly as possible." Weinstein's appointment

to the job had also been championed by none other than Ralph Green-son, who was much admired by the young producer, who knew the psychiatrist socially. Reflecting after the fact, Levathes realized years later "how much Weinstein and Green-son seemed to need each other."

"Her therapist said it would be better if Marilyn had someone who understood her and could deal with her, so Henry got the job," recalled David Brown. "His appointment made no one very happy. George Cukor, for example, threw an ink bottle at poor Henry on first meeting." As for Green-son, he obtained for himself a position on the picture as special consultant and counselor to Marilyn Monroe—not for a large fee, but, to be sure, for a satisfying charge to his ego. This was the closest he came, after his dramatic lecture presentations onstage, to achieving relative stardom.

Everything was spinning out of control, as Nunnally Johnson recalled: "there was no one at the studio with the strength or intelligence to call a halt to this idiocy." While he wrote and preproduction began on *Something's Got to Give*, Marilyn turned to the occupation that so often encouraged her: studio photography. Twenty-seven-year-old Douglas Kirkland, then a bright young photographer who would soon be established as one of the finest in his profession, was on the staff of *Look* magazine, then preparing a special quarter-century issue. Elizabeth Taylor, Judy Garland and Shirley MacLaine had been photographed, and Marilyn agreed to a session in November.

Douglas Kirkland met Marilyn Monroe three times and, as he recalled years later, he saw "essentially a different person each time I met her." First, he and two colleagues met Marilyn at her apartment. "She seemed," he recalled, "to be paranoid about her privacy, and we were all made to vow we would never divulge where she lived." Apart from that, he found a cheerful, easygoing woman with no star complex, speaking animatedly and eager to cooperate with the project.

Their next meeting, two days later, was for the shooting session at a photographer's studio, which began at nine in the evening. Kirkland vividly recalled that she seemed "very white, almost luminescent—this white vision drifted as if in slow motion into the studio. She seemed to give off a glow." As they had agreed, Marilyn slipped into a bed with silk sheets, then discarded her robe and, from above, Kirkland began to

take his pictures. But then she said, "Let's stop for a minute," and, turning to the crew—several assistants to herself and Kirkland and some people from *Look*—she said, "I want everybody to leave. I think I should be alone with this boy. I find it works better that way."

There was, as he remembered, an extraordinary sexual tension in the room. Kirkland snapped his photos, Marilyn seduced the camera, turned, sat forward, leaned backward. And then she asked him to come down from the gallery above and to sit on the bed with her. Kirkland, married and father of two, continued to work "even while she was teasing, toying with me, making it very clear what she meant and what she was offering." After the last photo, he shared a glass of champagne with her, and their colleagues rejoined them.

"This glowing-white woman in white silk sheets had enjoyed playing this game," recalled Kirkland, "and even though nothing happened between us, for her something had." It was just as André de Dienes, Phillipe Halsman, Milton Greene and every photographer had learned: the camera lens was not an inert glass eye, but the eyes of millions. The ultimate sex object, she responded to its stimulative power, it aroused her, and—as the entire impact of her personality was directed at that lens—she ineluctably invited the man present and the men absent.

Their third meeting took place back at Marilyn's apartment two days later, when Kirkland returned with the proofs. She wore a scarf on her head, and dark glasses. Alone, she was irritable and aloof and, after some delays, selected ten images she approved; those she rejected she cut up with scissors. Of the one she most preferred, Marilyn said, "To me, this is the kind of girl a truck driver would like to be in there with, in those white sheets." A certain blue-collar appeal, he sensed, was what Marilyn sought: the presentation of a woman for the average working man, not the aristocrat. "If I am a star," she said soon after, "it was the people who made me one—not the studio, but the people." From their last meeting, Kirkland kept forever the image of a troubled woman who was also a consummate professional.

That Marilyn was alternately cheerful and troubled had a foundation Douglas Kirkland could not have known.

Spending so many hours at the Green-son home on Franklin Street, Marilyn came to appreciate its Spanish colonial charm—the stucco walls, the balconies, the profusion of hand-painted Mexican tiles, the

beamed cathedral-ceiling living room, the homey kitchen. At this house she dined often after her therapy; here she taught Joan to dance, and here she attended Greenson's evening musicales. Her love for the house and her virtual part-time residence there led Greenson to suggest that Marilyn look to purchase a similar home of her own—nearby. To this idea she was lukewarm, as she was to the idea of the new Fox project. But by this time Greenson was making the decisions. "I encouraged her to buy the house," he said later. "She said she had no interest in remaining in California or making it her residence. She said that after her next picture she would go back to New York, which she considered her permanent home."

But that statement he made in 1966. In 1961, the task of helping Marilyn find the right house fell to the woman who was engaged as her new companion, replacing in Marilyn's life (so the doctor intended) the devoted Ralph Roberts.

Greenson had told Marilyn to hire Eunice Murray, then fifty-nine, the same woman who had sold her home to him fourteen years before. "The doctor thought the house would take the place of a baby or a husband, and that it would protect her," according to Eunice, who was perhaps unaware of the impudence and imprudence of such an idea. But this was not the worst of the matter. In Marilyn Monroe's submission to Eunice Murray—there can be no other noun to describe their relationship—Ralph Greenson made perhaps the unwise choice of his life. Even his wife (not to say every one of Marilyn's friends and colleagues who subsequently met Eunice) described Eunice as one of the strangest creatures in their experience. But from the end of 1961, Marilyn spent very few nights without Eunice Murray nearby: when she had time off, Greenson brought Marilyn to live with his family again, because, he believed, "there was nobody else around whom I could trust." This is among the oddest of Greenson's odd remarks, but "there was nobody else" but Eunice who was so willing to do his bidding with regard to Marilyn Monroe.

The second of two girls, Eunice Joerndt was born in Chicago in March 1902, and when she was very young, her parents—devout members of the Jehovah's Witnesses sect—moved to rural Ohio. An outwardly docile and sweet child, Eunice attended country grade school and at fifteen she was sent off to the Urbana School and Academy (in Urbana, Ohio), an institution steeped in the tradition of the Swe-

denborgian religion. Here her sister Carolyn, four years older than Eunice, was already residing. The following year, the school roster lists Los Angeles as Eunice's home address and Chicago as Carolyn's.

This discrepancy is easily explained. Contacted at their new home in Los Angeles, the parents were told that Carolyn was ill with Spanish influenza and had been put under a physician's care. Enraged at this flagrant defiance of their religious prohibition against medical care, the Joerndts legally disowned Carolyn, who thenceforth ceased to exist for them. When this unhappy news arrived, a school house-mother temporarily looked after Carolyn.

Eunice escaped the flu and virtual orphanhood. But she adored her sister, considering herself (as she said) Carolyn's "mere shadow." She was also deeply affected by her parents' violent reaction, and from this time, and with good reason, she began to suffer subtle but distinct signs of emotional disturbance—primarily an inability to differentiate her life from that of her sister's and other contemporaries, and an almost paralyzing terror of being abandoned. Her formal education ended in 1918, before her sixteenth birthday, apparently because of her emotional and psychological frailty.

The influence of the Swedenborgian religion on the Joerndt girls at Urbana Academy cannot be overestimated. Urged to imitate their founder (the eighteenth-century Swedish scholar, scientist and theologian Emanuel Swedenborg), the forty students were urged "constantly to engage in thought about God, salvation and the spiritual diseases of men" while undergoing "instruction in arts and morals." Set before them as the sublimest goal was marriage, which they believed continued in eternity.

The sisters' close alliance persisted, and in early 1924 they both announced their engagements. Grateful for the benevolence offered by the Urbana community and devoted to the principles of Swedenborgianism, Carolyn married Franklin Blackmer, a prominent Swedenborgian minister who served for six years as president of Urbana College. Carolyn herself had taught there from 1921 to her wedding day, and she was a powerful force in the college's life until her death in 1972—despite the retirement of her husband, a "controversial, alienating man," as the college's historian candidly described him.

Continuing to identify with her sister, who that year married Reverend Blackmer, Eunice married John Murray, a World War veteran

and the son of an equally prominent Swedenborgian minister named Walter Brown Murray. John planned to enter the ministry too, and to that end he attended the Yale Divinity School. But he quit the seminary, was never ordained and turned instead to his first love, carpentry, which Eunice took for an imitation of the Lord Jesus Himself. John Murray eventually rose to become vice-president of the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners.

Carolyn Joerndt Blackmer devoted her entire life to Swedenborgianism, Urbana, her husband and the little nursery school she opened on campus in 1929, which expressed her love of children and her desire for good early education. By that time, Eunice and John were beginning their own family and eventually had three daughters, named Jacquelyn, Patricia and Marilyn. Although Eunice's lack of education prevented her from becoming a teacher, she imitated further her adored sister, even to the point of calling herself a "child nurse" or even, more boldly, a "nurse"—a designation she continued to assume during her later life in Los Angeles, where she listed herself in telephone directories as an educated, trained professional (indeed, a "shadow" of Carolyn). Lacking any training or credentials other than the normal school of motherhood, Eunice throughout her life admired her sister Carolyn and her brother-in-law Franklin Blackmer to the point of idolatry; indeed, after the death of Carolyn she married Franklin, who died within the year. Eunice Joerndt Murray Blackmer's life, it appears, might have served as the true-life basis of a minor nineteenth-century Gothic romance.

Eunice and John Murray's marriage was frankly troubled almost from the outset. He traveled round the country and into Mexico, organizing trade unions and leaving his wife to raise their daughters. They lived at various addresses in Los Angeles and during World War II (in which John was too old to serve) they resided on busy Twenty-sixth Street in Santa Monica. At the same time, they began to build a five-bedroom Monterey hacienda on nearby Franklin Street—a house they had planned for years, according to Eunice's later memoir. The home was completed in 1946, but by that time John Murray was virtually an absentee father, and Eunice had no money for the mortgage. This was a grave disappointment for her, and she sold the home to Ralph Greenson after inhabiting it only four months; to maintain a connection to the

house, she befriended the buyers and even asked if she might work for the doctor.

Almost at once, he hired her, putting her in the homes of his most important clients as monitor, companion and nursemaid, a position for which she had no training or special capability; she did, however (as Greenson required), obediently report to him every detail of his clients' private lives. "It was strictly a financial relationship," said Eunice's son-in-law Philip Laclair, who married her daughter Marilyn.

She did it for the money. Her husband [John Murray] left her badly, she had no formal training as a nurse—not even a high school education—but she was a kind woman and became a valuable asset to Greenson. She always followed his orders very closely.

In 1950, after more than a decade of long separations, the Murrays were at last divorced—a moment that perhaps made Eunice feel more than ever a failure, for in terminating a marriage she failed to live out one of Swedenborgianism's essential tenets; she had also failed in her emulation of Carolyn. (John Murray subsequently remarried, moved to New Mexico, and died in 1958.) From 1950, Eunice was a lonely woman looking for purpose and comfort, and this she found in her work for Ralph Greenson. Eager to serve a man of authority who was both father figure and carer of souls, Eunice was sent by him to work (as she said) "in any kind of therapy that seemed indicated," either with clients "seriously ill with depression or schizophrenia, [or with] others, like Marilyn Monroe, [who] were simply recovering from stressful experiences and needed supportive aid."

With her famous client Marilyn Monroe, who also bore the name of her youngest daughter, it would have been natural for Eunice to sense a younger version of herself—a shy, confused soul abandoned by her parents, denied education and victimized by unhappy marriages. Here Eunice (by 1961 a grandmother) had an opportunity to revise her own earlier life, to correct what had gone wrong—with the help of the common denominator she shared with Marilyn: Ralph Greenson. From the first day of their meeting at Doheny Drive in 1961, she regarded Marilyn as a recalcitrant child—so Greenson also described her—and as Marilyn's friends soon recognized, Eunice treated her with a certain benign condescension, indicating in her sweet, quiet

manner where they should shop and how they should arrange their schedule around Marilyn's daily sessions with Greenson. And Marilyn, accustomed to accepting her doctor's decisions, offered no resistance—for the present. But very soon, as everyone recognized, Marilyn resented Eunice's prying and her obvious function as the doctor's "plant."

Among the first to recognize that Eunice was inappropriate for Marilyn was Pat Newcomb, who had almost daily contact with her client, helping to schedule appointments for photographers and reporters as well as facilitating the ongoing discussions with Fox. "At first," said Pat,

Marilyn sought her advice because she was supposed to be this wonderful housekeeper Greenson had found for her. But from day one, I did not trust Eunice Murray, who seemed to be always snooping around. I tried to stay out of her way because I just didn't like her. She was sort of a spook, always hovering, always on the fringes of things.

Alan Snyder was also dismayed, frankly describing Eunice as "a very strange lady. She was put into Marilyn's life by Greenson, and she was always whispering—whispering and listening. She was this constant presence, reporting everything back to Greenson, and Marilyn quickly realized this," for Eunice could often be overheard telephoning to Greenson the details he desired.

As Christmas approached, Marilyn telephoned Ralph Roberts in New York, telling him she was having a miserable time in therapy but that she still felt her best option was to stay with Greenson. "She said that she dreaded doing the movie that was being planned for her, that she missed her Manhattan friends, and she asked me to return to Los Angeles with her after the trip she planned to New York early in 1962." But despite her unhappiness Marilyn was, she told Ralph, looking forward to Christmas: Joe was coming to spend the holidays with her.

DiMaggio arrived in Los Angeles on December 23, decorated Marilyn's apartment with a tree and stocked her refrigerator with champagne and caviar. On their behalf, Marilyn had accepted an invitation to the Greensons for Christmas dinner; Joe, always shy with

strangers, reluctantly agreed to attend. New Year's Eve, however, the former Mr. and Mrs. DiMaggio spent quietly together at Doheny Drive.

That season, Marilyn told Ralph and Pat (and presumably Joe) that Mrs. Murray was on the lookout for a house in Brentwood, a western section of Los Angeles near Santa Monica and Franklin Street. This was the location Greenson and Mrs. Murray thought best for Marilyn. Come to think of it, Marilyn added, it was odd: somehow she could never bring herself to address her housekeeper as anything but "Mrs. Murray," who always addressed her familiarly as "Marilyn."

Schwab's: she had a veritable pharmacopoeia at her disposal.⁸

"During and after *The Misfits*," as Roberts remembered, "Green-son took no steps to get Marilyn off drugs: in fact he provided them." And with an eventual tolerance of three hundred milligrams of Nembutal nightly, she was indeed in a precarious situation—and of this neither physician could have been unaware. As Pat Newcomb said, "It is hard to understand negligence such as that." Maintaining a roster of rich, famous and needy clients may provide at least a partial explanation, if not an excuse. "I never liked Greenson," said Allan Snyder years later, "and never thought he was good for Marilyn. He gave her anything she wanted, just fed her with anything. There seemed something strange and phony about his entire relationship with Marilyn. And when he got himself on the Fox payroll, I was certain of it."

There was also an element of emotional turmoil that lay behind Marilyn's heavy sedation that weekend. On Saturday, March 3, she saw Greenson for the first time in a month: cheerful when she arrived, she was tearful and depressed after the session. Indeed, she did not return to José Bolaños (who had checked in with her at the Beverly Hills Hotel that night), but instead remained with the Greensons. The content of her therapeutic session cannot be determined. Separately, it is known that Marilyn was greatly distressed by the news that Nunnally Johnson had completed his work on *Something's Got to Give* and departed the project, which now seemed destined for disaster because no one could resolve (much less update) the script's complicated emotional threads, nor could any satisfactory conclusion be found for the story. "I don't know whether it will ever be made or not," Johnson wrote to his old colleague Jean Negulesco. "They seem to be too scared at Fox."

For several days, Arnold Shulman (the original scenarist) was recalled, but it seemed to him that

the studio simply wanted to forget about the picture, which they couldn't do because they had a tableful of signed contracts to pay off. I adored Marilyn, and when I confronted Peter Levathes and a few other good men at Fox that this was my understanding of the whole rotten scheme, it was unmistakable that this was their plan.

Fox, as David Brown recalled, was nearly bankrupt at the time, and among the films and television series then shooting at the studio, *Something's Got to Give* was the most expensive. In addition, the situation was disastrous whether the picture was completed or not. If completed and released as scripted, it would be one of the most pallid, unfunny, emotionally confused "comedies" ever to come from a major studio—as the eight hours of outtakes and almost sixty minutes of edited, completed footage reveal. The final disposition of things in June leaves the distinct impression of a film no one believed would ever be completed—except Marilyn, who was, according to David Brown,

an artist who knew exactly what she needed and what was good for her career—and she knew very well that if she were the cause of the picture's collapse, it would have been the very *worst* thing for her career. She knew she would have to do the picture once she had signed for it. She was a thorough professional, whatever her personal problems. She hadn't become Marilyn Monroe without serious ambition, after all, and it didn't desert her in 1962.

Shulman summed up the matter as he saw it: the new team of studio executives in charge at a time of unimaginable financial chaos wanted to force Marilyn's hand—to make her quit the project—enabling them to sue her for breach of contract. "No matter what anybody writes," Shulman told Marilyn that weekend, "they're going to ruin the deal."

When Marilyn arrived at Greenson's home that weekend, then, she had reason for anxiety: Marilyn—who could hardly be called paranoid about this matter—rightly believed that the new regime at Fox considered her a dispensable commodity.

But Greenson's method for dealing with her put the emphasis on his own needs, not hers. His technique was again an infringement of a

8. That same year, as was subsequently documented in her divorce petition, Engelberg's wife was maintained by him on appallingly massive doses of barbiturates and hypnotics—ostensibly to keep her calm during the trauma of the termination of their thirty-year marriage. But the result of this prodigal administration of dangerous drugs was very nearly disastrous.

"schizophrenic," and that he himself was being supervised in caring for her by a man well known in Los Angeles for treating schizophrenics: Milton Wexler, who was not a medical doctor but the holder of an academic degree in psychology.

"At that time," continued Greenson's colleague,

everyone was experimenting with ways to treat schizophrenics, and Wexler had his own method. Greenson used Wexler as his supervisor, and thus gave his unorthodox treatment of Monroe an apparent legitimacy. One of the techniques was to invite the patient into the home—not only to provide what may have been lacking earlier, but to have a constant connection so the patient would never have undue anxiety on weekends, or [suffer] any separation trauma.

Marilyn was, then, being further locked into her childhood instead of being freed from it. And Greenson, once upstaged by his sister Juliet, brought Marilyn into his home to domesticate her, to demythicize her, to control her and reduce her celebrity—all of it in the name of treating her emotional maladies and her insecurity. At home in his private clinic, with his professional supervisor providing a convenient endorsement of his tactics, Greenson became the prototype of the analyst who believed himself free of the conventional boundaries. With his own psyche so overwhelmingly intertwined with Marilyn's, he was no longer able to see the harm of his own actions. Greenson's attempt to keep Marilyn and Joe separate, then, reveals that he sensed a threat to his primacy—just as he had with her dear friend Ralph Roberts, who was "one Ralph too many."

Marilyn was the fairest game of all for such manipulation: impressed by learned and paternal men who seemed to offer protection; thrice divorced and uncertain of her own worth, acceptability, talent and capacity for love; about to have her own home for the first time—she mutely accepted what Greenson made of himself for her: the all-providing savior figure every healthy and unneurotic therapist dreads to become. Everything that happened between Monroe and Greenson from that spring to her death suggests a perilous obsession. "She was a poor creature I tried to help," he said later, "and I ended up hurting her." These were perhaps the truest words he could have chosen to summarize their association.

As he had at Payne Whitney, however, Joe managed to extricate Marilyn from the situation. They returned to Doheny Drive, whence the movers, on March 8 and 9, transferred her few pieces of furniture to 12305 Fifth Helena Drive; deliveries from Mexico and New York were awaited in the coming weeks. Joe stayed the weekend with Marilyn, left at the house a pair of pajamas and a toothbrush, and proceeded on Tuesday the fourteenth for business with Monette.

Ralph Roberts, who had returned to Los Angeles, was as usual a great help to Marilyn as she settled in. Because she had not yet chosen custom-made draperies for her bedroom, her first request of him was to tack up the blackout drapery she had at Doheny Drive, a single heavy piece of black serge that extended several feet wider than the window. "When she went to bed, she could not bear a flicker of light from outside and always slept in a closed, warm, unlocked room." Better than anyone, Ralph Roberts was in a position to know these habits: he treated Marilyn with a massage several times weekly, and by the time he departed, she had already retired for the night.

The script of *Something's Got to Give*, meantime, limped along its dreary way. On March 11, writer Walter Bernstein was brought in to see what he could do with the seemingly endless, unamusing scenes and turgid dialogue. By this time, as he recalled, the story and script costs alone had topped \$300,000—six times what the production had budgeted. But Fox had lost twenty-two million dollars the previous year and (thus Bernstein) "executives were not easily awed by figures." Eager to please both the studio and star, Bernstein set to his task and went to Marilyn's home for script conferences. "She was very charming and accommodating," he recalled.

She showed me proudly around her new house, and she was really lovely to be with. Things she had to say about the script were right on target. "Marilyn Monroe wouldn't do this," she said, and "Marilyn Monroe wouldn't make this kind of move, they'd come to her," and so forth. Some of this was typical movie star ego, but she was very shrewd about what would play and what wouldn't. Perhaps most of all, I remember her saying, "Remember, you've got Marilyn Monroe. You've got to use her."

she not only accepted the offer but said she would sing "Happy Birthday."

This pleasant weekend may at least partly explain why, the following Monday, Marilyn was (thus Walter Bernstein) "in good humor and full of energy" at a meeting with her producer, director and writer. While she was there, the studio doctor Lee Seigel arrived, took Marilyn into an inner office and administered one of his famous "vitamin shots," those venerable Hollywood drug concoctions that kept employees energetic or sedated, depending on the company's need and/or the star's wishes. "Seigel was the Dr. Feelgood of Fox," recalled the writer Ernest Lehman, who wrote and produced some of Hollywood's finest screenplays. "I remember him giving me an intravenous injection once, as he did to hundreds of people at Fox. It was a dangerous mixture of amphetamines and God only knows what else." The same sort of treatments were also being supplied to Marilyn every few days by Engelberg.

At the meeting, Marilyn learned that the start of *Something's Got to Give* was now postponed to the end of April, and with that—despite an executive order from the studio that she not risk a relapse of her illness by traveling to New York—Marilyn departed to discuss the film's problems with the Strasbergs. She was especially anxious, she told them, because an ending to the script still seemed beyond anyone's imagination, and in such a quandary Paula's assistance would be more than ever necessary as she groped her way through each day's scenes. This arrangement Lee negotiated at a fee of five thousand per week, half to be paid by Marilyn herself. Once an ardent Socialist, Lee now knew the value of a dollar.

As usual, Marilyn was as prodigal as she was needy of Paula. That season she wrote a check for a thousand dollars, becoming one of the founding members of something called the Hollywood Museum Associates, a group planning a movie and television archive that never materialized; her check was never returned. The Miller children continued to receive occasional gifts for no other reason than her affection for them; and Marilyn sent to one of her studio hairdressers, Agnes Flanagan, a duplicate of a garden swing Agnes admired one day at Fifth Helena. Such acts of spontaneous generosity were still typical, as Allan Snyder recalled "You had to be very careful shopping with Marilyn. If you went to a store with her and pointed out a

shirt or something you admired, you could be sure it would arrive at your home next day!"

This attitude was perhaps all the more remarkable because Marilyn, one of the handful of unfailingly bankable stars whose films, by this time, had earned Fox more than sixty million dollars, was honoring a commitment she could easily have simply torn up—to make *Something's Got to Give* for \$100,000. By comparison, Cyd Charisse (in a supporting role) was hired for \$50,000; Tom Tryon (in an even less important role) was to be paid \$55,000; and Dean Martin and George Cukor were receiving \$300,000 each for a film budgeted at \$3,254,000. "The arithmetic," as another Fox producer said at the time, "makes Marilyn look like a doll. She could have got a million and a percentage of the gross any day of the week. The studio has got itself a tremendous bargain." If this is so, it remains unclear why her representatives did not negotiate for a higher salary: as David Brown noted, "an agent should have come in to write a new contract—it would have been that simple."

But nothing in the executive offices at Pico Boulevard was ever simple, especially in 1962. The budget on the Burton-Taylor extravaganza *Cleopatra*, which shut down in London and was reshooting everything in Rome, sped toward thirty million dollars, and the studio back lot was sold to pay for it; in addition, the commissary and the talent school were shut down, and the lawns on the property went unwatered. In June 1961, Fox had twenty-nine producers, forty-one writers and 2,154 employees on its weekly payroll, working on thirty-one films; there were now fifteen producers, nine writers and 606 staff for only nine films. The fifty-five contract players in 1961 cost Fox a weekly total of \$26,995; a year later, there were twelve actors under contract at a total of \$7,480. Peter Levathés, his eye on the bottom line, announced proudly to Spyros Skouras that *Something's Got to Give* would be produced on time and within its budget, requiring only forty-seven working days. This was a well-meant but almost comical proclamation, for when shooting finally began on April 23 the script was still incomplete, Marilyn was ill and Dean Martin had not yet completed a prior commitment.

Marilyn engaged a limousine and driver from the Carey Cadillac Company that spring, and records provide a chart to the course of her life.

~ MARILYN MONROE

According to the detailed invoices charged to her and signed by her daily driver, Rudy Kautzky, her schedule up to the first day of shooting was unvarying, Mondays through Saturdays, from April 2. She began with a facial at Madame Renna's on Sunset Boulevard, usually around noon; this was followed by a session with Greenson in his Beverly Hills office and a reading of script lines with Paula, who was in residence at the Bel-Air Sands Hotel on Sunset. Marilyn then visited either Engelberg, Seigel or specialists who treated other ailments that plagued her; these doctors administered injections, sometimes wrote concurrent prescriptions and routinely gave Marilyn what she requested. She was then driven for food shopping at the Brentwood Mart on San Vicente Boulevard or at Jurgensen's in Beverly Hills, and in late afternoon she was driven back for a second session with Greenson at his home: by now he was sometimes bringing her in for twice-daily counseling.

The routine was broken only for costume and makeup tests at Fox on April 10 and wardrobe fittings at home on April 16. "She was so happy to be back at work," according to Henry Weinstein. "The tests were marvelous. I never saw anyone so pleased and delighted as Marilyn during those tests. According to film editor David Bretherton, Allan Snyder (still her preferred makeup artist and close friend) and Marjorie Plecher (costumer for the film and subsequently Mrs. Snyder), Marilyn was more beautiful than ever when she arrived for the tests: they all noticed a clarity of expression, a luminous radiance and eagerness to work hard.

Weinstein's recollection that all during mid-April she lay at home in a "barbiturate coma" and his panicky rush to the studio on April 11 to urge that the picture be canceled can only be due to his unfamiliarity with a Nembutal hangover. In fact, as the limousine records indicate, she left with her driver at nine-fifteen that morning for a usual day of appointments: Weinstein, youthfully eager but injudicious, had arrived at six.

Thenceforth, except for the final outcome of a hopelessly derailed and canceled picture, the making of *Something's Got to Give* paralleled the production of any other Monroe picture. Terrified of appearing before the camera, as Weinstein and the entire company recalled, Marilyn delayed, malingered and overrehearsed; frightened of not sleeping sufficiently, she frequently took too many pills—no one both-

ered to monitor her intake—and so she was groggy and confused for several early morning hours; but determined to acquit herself well, she was brilliant when she finally arrived. Word-perfect, willing to work and rework a scene to the director's pleasure, generous with her co-stars and fiercely dedicated to pleasing her audience, she was, as David Brown said, the consummate professional. As everyone became convinced—Snyder, Newcomb, Strasberg, Roberts, even Levathes—the source of the trouble was the conjunction of Greenson and Murray, a team they were powerless to counter. To her further alarm, Pat Newcomb discovered in mid-April that Eunice had moved into the guest room of Marilyn's home.

"Marilyn couldn't walk across a room without advice and counsel and people with vested interest," Levathes said years later.

Her so-called advisors created the difficulties and caused her a terrible identity crisis. I thought Marilyn was a nice woman—not a shallow person who made no distinctions, but someone who thought about her life, who knew the differences between sham and reality. She had depth; it wasn't all fluff. She was enormously complex during her suffering and her absences from the production, but at her best there was no one like her.

Cukor agreed: the advice she was getting was utter rubbish.

On Sunday, April 22, after a session with Greenson, Marilyn rode down to Hermosa Beach, south of Los Angeles. There the veteran hair colorist Pearl Porterfield (who had cared for, among others, the wavy white coiffure of Mae West) prepared Marilyn for her first day on the set of *Something's Got to Give*. Eunice was so impressed with the look when Marilyn arrived home that henceforth she had her thin brown hair washed and styled by Pearl Porterfield, too.

Marilyn's first scene was scheduled for Monday morning, April 23, but when she awoke she had a blinding headache, no voice, and impaired respiration: she was seen by her dentist (the only physician she could reach at five in the morning), who diagnosed acute sinusitis. For the rest of that week, she was ordered to rest at home, visits to Greenson being the sole exception. But such occurrences are hardly rare in movie-making, and there were contingency plans. Her point-of-view shots (what her character sees) were photographed that day, and, from

Tuesday through Friday, scenes with Cyd Charisse and Dean Martin were filmed.

Finally, on Monday, April 30, Marilyn appeared on the set promptly at nine for her first scenes in the picture. With her hair brilliantly white, her skin unblemished, her eyes clear and alert, she wore the required costume for her entrance: a red and white floral-print sheath, a white coat and white shoes. For seven hours—and over forty times, according to a careful count of the outtakes—she repeated the closeups in which, as Ellen Arden, she returns to her home for the first time in five years. Standing at poolside, she gazes in silent wonder at her little boy and girl, splashing playfully, at first oblivious of her presence and then, when they chat with her, of her identity. The scene is a miracle, and not only because Marilyn in fact still had a severe sinus infection and a fever of one hundred and one degrees: she was forcing herself to work.

Finding her way through all the emotional complications of the character's scene, she is alternately happy to see her children, frightened of their reaction, concerned for their welfare, proud of their growth and charm. In fully thirty of the forty takes Cukor directed, there is preserved forever Marilyn Monroe at the peak not only of her beauty but of the depth of her inner resources. With the daily help of Paula Strasberg, Marilyn had reached into her own lost childhood, and perhaps into the sorrow of her own failed pregnancies, and there she had found the mysterious complex of feelings that enabled her to give a simple scene its wistful, fully human regret. As in nothing she had done since *Bus Stop* and *The Prince and the Showgirl*, there is in this incomplete film the relic of an astonishing performance. Her smile is unforced, her brows arch and her eyes just begin to glaze with tears, as if a wash of memories has evoked both penance and longing.

The Marilyn Monroe of this film is wholly unlike that of *All About Eve* or *Niagara*, of *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* or *The Seven Year Itch*. She is mature, serene, fragile—but graceful and resplendent, too. None of the emotions were manufactured: they were, to the contrary, deeply felt, imagined, *lived* in some way. The laughter with the children moments later is neither cute nor manic, but joyous, wise, confident that somehow all will be well. No one who sees them (or the few moments preserved in the 1990 commercial documentary that bears the film's title) can for a moment see this as anything but the efforts of a responsi-

ble and sensitive actress evoking recognizable human feeling and continuing to grow as an artist, just as she wished.

Marilyn worked until four o'clock that afternoon, when she returned home and collapsed into bed. Next day, Engelberg pronounced her ill with a sinus infection and unable to work—a judgment confirmed when Fox sent Seigel, who rang the executive offices to say he would not ask even the film's cocker spaniel to perform in such a condition. Marilyn was ordered to bed for the remainder of the week, and the studio was so informed. There was an ancillary issue at stake, too: with the hugging scenes Marilyn was required to do with them, her closeness was considered risky for the health of the two children.

"She was genuinely ill," according to Marjorie Plecher, "as anyone could see. But the studio didn't want to believe her." Allan Snyder agreed: Marilyn, never strong physically, had been susceptible to colds and respiratory infections over the fifteen years he had known her, and that week she spiked a high fever with her sinus infection: "But no one wanted to hear about that." Pat Newcomb also knew this to be true.

On each day of the production call sheets from May 1 through 4, Marilyn's absence was announced as if it were a last-minute development each morning. Evelyn Moriarty said she was always informed a day or two in advance of Marilyn's continuing leave: "Marilyn did *not* simply not show up!" Alternate shooting could be hastily scheduled in her absence.

Despite illness, Marilyn worked with Paula for hours at home. But then Fox pulled another tactical error, sending a messenger at ten or eleven each night with revised script pages printed, according to tradition, on a different color paper from the previous or original pages of dialogue; these new lines had been composed by this writer or that one, by Cukor, by anyone willing to risk what now seemed impossible. With all this confusion, "Marilyn was shattered," according to Nunnally Johnson, who kept in touch with her and the production. She saw her comeback film as a terrible failure, and she was right. "And then more and more [revisions] arrived, until in the end there were only four pages left from the original script." When Cukor and Weinstein learned the distress this was causing Marilyn, they tried to mislead her by having the changes inserted into a freshly bound script with all pages on the same color paper as the original. "She was much too smart [not to say experienced] to be misled by that trick," concluded Johnson.

After taking tea with Mrs. Bello, her guests returned to Los Angeles. The three agreed to meet again in August, and before that, Marilyn and Sidney decided to meet two weeks later, at four o'clock on the afternoon of Sunday, August 5, to work on a treatment for *The Jean Harlow Story*.

Despite her almost daily injections, the difficulties of her sessions with Greenson and the uncertainties of the future, there was a fresh maturity in Marilyn Monroe that summer. And although she was dependent on certain chemicals, they seemed only fitfully to stymie her life—and this itself may be testimony to her fundamental strength, her resolve to overcome obstacles past and present. "Summarizing this time," said Pat Newcomb, "I would say that yes, she was in control of things."

Ralph Roberts heartily agreed. "She was really taking control of her life and asserting herself that summer," he said, sentiments echoed by, among others, Rupert Allan and Susan Strasberg. Roberts recalled that during the last months of her life, Marilyn was more optimistic than she had been in two years. She nurtured a close friendship with Wally Cox and renewed one with Wally's special friend, Marlon Brando. "And she saw," Roberts added, "that Greenson was severing all her close relationships, one by one. He had tried to cut me and the Strasbergs and Joe out of her life—and now Marilyn said he thought it would be better if she dismissed Pat Newcomb, too. By the end of July, Marilyn realized that if she was going to have any friends left, any life of her own at all, she might have to disconnect from Greenson."

This decision would soon be firm, but first there was the matter of her relationship with Fox. By Wednesday, July 25, Hal Kanter had completed his revision of *Something's Got to Give* and submitted it to Peter Levathes, Weinstein's future being now as uncertain as that of Skouras and company.

Marilyn welcomed Levathes to her home on that same day, July 25. Before his arrival, Marilyn was awake early and, determined to look her best, greeted Agnes Flanagan (who washed and styled her hair) and Allan Snyder (who deftly applied a morning makeup). Cautious about a discussion without an agent or attorney present, Marilyn then asked Pat Newcomb to come over and stand unseen behind a bedroom door, to witness her meeting with Levathes.

In 1992, Levathes provided an account of that morning with Marilyn, and his recollection was later confirmed by Pat:

As so often with Marilyn's history at Fox, we simply decided to reinstate her. I was the one responsible for firing her, so I wanted to be the one to personally rehire her. No one wanted bad blood. She told me she didn't want her name tarnished, nor did she wish to ruin anyone. She did not seem unhappy or depressed at all, she asked if we could review the new script and we did. She read it and was very astute about it, thinking carefully before she made some excellent suggestions. Marilyn saw, for example, great comic potential for a scene she had in mind: "A woman who has been off on a desert island for years wouldn't eat so delicately with knives and forks..." And she suggested another scene in which her character just forgot about shoes, because she was unused to wearing them. I remember saying, "Marilyn, these are beautiful ideas!" She was very happy and creative and glad to have a say in the revised script. She was in fine spirits and looking forward to getting back to work.

It seemed to Levathes that all the anguish, all the pain could have been avoided but for "her so-called advisers, who caused her a terrible identity crisis." He told her that the lawsuits would be dropped, and that she was to be rehired at a higher salary; to whom, he asked, ought the new contract be sent? Marilyn hesitated, then said she would reply later that week. She seemed to him very pleasant and reasonable, and before he departed she said something that stayed with him over the years:

You know, Peter, in a way I'm a very unfortunate woman. All this nonsense about being a legend, all this glamour and publicity. Somehow I'm always a disappointment to people.

He never saw her again, for very soon his fortunes changed, if not as dramatically as hers.

When I said good-bye, she returned to the task she was engaged in when I arrived. There was an array of photos of her [by Bert Stern and George Barris], contact sheets and prints all over the floor, and she was making decisions about them. This was not, I thought, a

EX. L

LAW OFFICE
ABRAHAM MARCUS
9250 WILSHIRE BOULEVARD
BEVERLY HILLS
CALIFORNIA
CRESTVIEW 6-3123

CABLE: MARCZIS
ABRAHAM MARCUS

NEW YORK OFFICE
ZISSU, MARCUS, EBENSTEIN & STEIN
292 MADISON AVENUE

October 8, 1959

Mrs. Inez C. Melson
9110 Sunset Boulevard
Los Angeles, California

Dear Inez:

I have prepared a new affidavit for Marilyn to execute, which I am enclosing. Also enclosed is a copy of a new petition which I have also redrawn.

When you have received the original affidavit back from New York, please telephone for an appointment to come in and sign the petition. I will then file everything and start the proceeding.

Best regards.

Sincerely yours,



ABRAHAM MARCUS

am m
encl

(SPACE BELOW FOR FILING STAMP ONLY)

LAW OFFICE
ABRAHAM MARCUS
9250 WILSHIRE BOULEVARD
BEVERLY HILLS, CALIFORNIA
CRESTVIEW 6-3123

Attorney for Petitioner

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA
IN AND FOR THE COUNTY OF LOS ANGELES

In the Matter of the Conservatorship of GLADYS ELEY, also known as GLADYS BAKER, Conservatee	NO. PETITION FOR APPOINTMENT OF CONSERVATOR
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The petitioner respectfully alleges:

I

The petitioner is a friend of the conservatee and of her daughter Marilyn Miller, for whom your petitioner has acted as business manager from November, 1953, until December 31, 1955, when Mrs. Miller moved her business affairs to New York. Your petitioner has, however, continuously since November, 1953, handled all matters involving the care, support and maintenance of the conservatee. Petitioner resides in the City of Los Angeles, County of Los Angeles, State of California.

II

Conservatee is of the age of 57 years and resides in The Rockhaven Sanitarium, 2713 Honolulu Avenue, Verdugo City, California.

1 facts: Conservatee has a history of mental illness commencing
2 with a mental breakdown in 1935, for which she was treated
3 privately and was for one year in Norwalk State Hospital.
4 Thereafter she was treated at the Agnew State Hospital for
5 nine years until 1945, when she was released as "not recovered"
6 Upon a petition filed by one Grace McKee Geddard for the
7 protection of conservatee as a mentally ill person in the Los
8 Angeles Superior Court, Department 95, Case No. 133735, conserv
9 was examined by order of that court Drs. E. H. Steele and F. A.
10 Buell on February 13, 1953, and they certified on February 17,
11 1953, that their tentative diagnosis was schizo-affective, and
12 recommended supervision in a sanitarium. By order of said
13 Superior Court, the conservatee was committed to The Rockhaven
14 Sanitarium subject to the supervision of the Counselor of
15 Mental Health of the County of Los Angeles. Thereafter, in a
16 "Patient Medical Evaluation" made by Dr. J. M. Amador, pursuant
17 to order of said court, the diagnosis was "Schizophrenic reactive
18 paranoid type", and Dr. Amador recommended "no change" in
19 treatment.

20 In a supplemental social report and recommendation by
21 Assistant Deputy Counselor Richard B. Dixon it was recommended
22 that since the conservatee is being privately supported by
23 her said daughter Marilyn Miller, this proceeding be brought and
24 the proceeding referred to as Case No. 133735 in Department 95
25 be discontinued.

26 IV

27 The conservatee has been confined in The Rockhaven
28 Sanitarium since February 17, 1953, and it is intended that she
29 remain in the sanitarium as a conservatee.

1 is true and correct.

2 Executed on _____, 1959, at _____
3 California.

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5 _____
6 Inez C. Nelson
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EX. M

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA
IN AND FOR THE COUNTY OF LOS ANGELES

Case No. 422404

In the Matter of the Conservatorship of

GLADYS ELEY, also known as

GLADYS BAKER

Conservatee.

Filed DEC 22 1959

HAROLD J. OSTLY, County Clerk

By E. B. WEISSEBURD Deputy

LETTERS OF CONSERVATORSHIP

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, } ss.
County of Los Angeles,

INEZ C. MELSON

is hereby appointed Conservator

of the person ~~and estate~~ of the above named Conservatee.

WITNESS, HAROLD J. OSTLY, Clerk of the Superior Court of the County of Los Angeles,
with the seal of the Court affixed.

Dated DEC 22 1959

By order of the Court.

HAROLD J. OSTLY, County Clerk and Clerk of
the Superior Court of the State of California, in
and for the County of Los Angeles

SUPERIOR COURT
SEAL

By E. B. WEISSEBURD Deputy

OATH

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, } ss.
County of Los Angeles

I do solemnly swear that I will perform, according to law, the duties of my office as Conservator of
the person and estate of the above named Conservatee.

Subscribed and sworn to before me,

December 21st, 1959

Notary Seal Abraham Marcus

Notary Public in and for the County of Los Angeles,
State of California

INEZ C. MELSON

INEZ C. MELSON

HAROLD J. OSTLY, County Clerk and Clerk of
the Superior Court of the State of California, in
and for the County of Los Angeles

By _____ Deputy

My Commission Expires September 22, 1963

CERTIFICATION

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, } ss.
County of Los Angeles

I, WILLIAM G. SHARP, County Clerk and Clerk of the Superior Court within and for the County
and State aforesaid, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a full, true and correct copy of the orig-
inal letters of Conservatorship issued herein, as the same appears on file in my office, and I further
certify that said letters have not been revoked and are in full force and effect at the present time.

Dated AUG - 6 1962

WILLIAM G. SHARP
HAROLD J. OSTLY, County Clerk and Clerk of
the Superior Court of the State of California, in
and for the County of Los Angeles

By Helena A. Ritter Deputy

LETTERS OF CONSERVATORSHIP

EX. N

Filed Separately Under Seal, Pursuant to
Protective Order

EX. O

DEC-02-1997 15:36 FROM LAW OFFICE

TO

19143593704 P.01

INCORPORATED

APR 10 1987

In reply to Bloomsbury Publishing Limited, Norman Rosten (Harold Ober Associates) .

Re: Letter of March 12, 1987 concerning "Marilyn Among Friends" Class 5.

I only agree to the responsibility of my photographs. They are mine, in partnership with Ian Woodner. I shot them, have negatives and copyrights have been recorded.

As for the text, I disagree completely. Many anecdotes and reportage were mine describing incidents that occurred before Norman met her.* I am going through the text and will mark the text based on my reportage.

David: Incidentally, has a lawyer gone through the text regarding "libel"? In our condemnation of the scandal mongers etc in the opening passage, we do not name names, but have the writers, eg. Summer, Mailer, etc. who dwell on the Kennedy affairs, have a right to sue? The 20th Century Fox - "Star Wars" conflict?

* The phase towards the end was basically Norman's except the experience of Marilyn and Arthur Miller in New York and Amagansett after "The Prince and the Showgirl". I did a LOOK story for Marilyn and Miller to help her promote her picture "The Prince and the Showgirl" at Marilyn and Arthur's request.

Sam Shaw

SFA 01091

TOTAL P 21